THE

Humours of RAG-FAIR:

OR THE

Countryman's Deſcription of their ſeveral Trades and Callings.

LAST Week in *Lent* I came to town,
and having a leiſure Hour,
I went to ſee his Majeſty's Crown,
and the Lyons in the *Tower*;
But loſing my way, I chanced to ſtray
through a Lane full of ſecond-hand Taylors
Till ſtopt with ſurprize, at the noiſe of the cries
Of a hundred different Dealers.

Do you want a Coat or a Veſt young Man,
to dreſs in this good Eaſter?
Here is Breeches (fellow them if you can)
you ſhall have them for a Teaſter;
And a plaid Banjan, for Barber's Man,
and Fuſtian Frocks for Bakers,
Cheap left-off Cloaths for *Spital-fields* Beaus,
and Black for Undertakers.

Here are ruffled Shirts and Cambrick ſtocks
for young Men to lie clean in:
With nice tucker'd Holland Smocks,
And choice of Child-bed Linnen.

Likewiſe clean ſheeting for folks to lie ſweet in.
Girls, a nice dimity dicket:
A good pair of ſleeves you may waſh when you pleaſe,
and tack them to a foul ſmicket.

Here are ſtockings for young women too,
not darn'd above the quarter,
With clocks of white, of red, or blue,
all flouriſh'd to the garter;
Knit hoſe for men, or boys from ten,
with ſilk for thoſe that ſtrut it:
You may have them whole, with their own ſoals,
or neatly darn'd and footed.

Come cuſtomers, who buys my ſhoes?
or pumps ſcarce worſe for wearing;
I had them a bargain from the Meuſe,
from a woman who goes a charing:
Five groats a pair, ſearch all the fair,
and ſee if you can match them.
The ſhops are ſo nice, they'll have a good price,
although they clout and patch them.

Here's choice of perriwigs, who'll buy?
I'll ſell you as cheap as any.
You're welcome, Sirs, to come and try.
Beſides I ſhave for a penny.
Do you flaxen lack, or a good coal black,
with a buckle as ſtrong as wire?
Theſe left off greys I can ſurely praiſe,
and warrant them to the buyer.

Who buys my felt or caroline?
there's none will ſell them cheaper.
For Sundays here's a beaver fine,
bought from a broken draper.
You may have them large at a ſmall charge,
for quaker or for curate;
Lac'd hats for thoſe that are quarter-deck beaus,
ne'er turn'd but once I aſſure it.

All ſmoaking hot a groat a pound,
my plain or ſweet plumb-pudding.
The flour was the beſt in the market found,
and all the ingredients good in.
I make it neat, and give good weight,
my pound is ſixteen ounces.
Yet (by the bye) ſhe tells you a lie,
for all ſhe brags and bounces.

Here's pancakes in cooks dripping fry'd,
I ſell them four a penny;
They're criſp and brown, as has been try'd
to-day by a good many.
My ſauſages and black-puddings pleaſe,
I ſpeak it without a vapour;
For a penny a-piece you may have what is nice,
and I'm ſure you can't dine cheaper.

Here's houſhold-bread for families large,
and ſtale bread from the city;
Come buy all you that have got a charge
of me, that can't outwit you.
To you who buys I warrant th' Aſſize,
as my lord mayor would have it.
I hate words many, I'll bate you a penny,
you're welcome to take it or leave it.

Here's bacon as ſweet as any nut,
or neighbours never truſt me;
Altho' they know it was yeſterday but
they bought it themſelves for ruſty.
See this how fat, how ſtreaky that,
though cheat you while they are vending;
And ſurely cheat you an ounce in the weight,
yet ſwear they give you a mending.

Here are joints of mutton from Leadenhall,
and beef from Honey-lane-market;
I always keep what is prime at ſtall:
thus the cunning butchers clark it.

A prince may eat my ſtall-fed meat,
though I loſe in each pound a farthing.
But pray take care his ſilliars are fair,
or you are ſurely bit in the bargain.

Here are meaſly pork, and vile ſlink calf,
in trays at gully-holes ſelling.
I had rather been at home by half
at dinner at my own dwelling.
To ſell ſuch meat for folks to eat,
is enough to breed an infection.
If ſuch folks were down in our good town,
they'd be ſent to the houſe of correction.

Here are wonderful purging pills,
which doctor Rock rehearſes;
Which all the dreadful poiſon kills,
ſuck'd in by foul embraces.
Such plaiſters for corns, ſuch powder for worms,
were never before ſet on trial.
Good people who prize the ſight of your eyes,
come purchaſe my little phial.

In watch-houſe cage I next did view
a ſtrolling black-eyed Suſan,
Who only took a guinea or two
from a ſailor who had to loſe them.
The impudent whore, the juſtice before,
ſaid in her examination,
The money in full ſhe had from a cull,
for to pleaſe his inclination.

Pick-pockets too mix'd in the throng,
for hard-by live their nurſes.
Good people, when you paſs along,
I pray take care of your purſes.
And handkerchiefs, for theſe young thieves
ne'er hope for abſolution,
But proceed in ſin, till turn'd off with a grin
at a tyburn execution.

Then here and there you find a ſtall
ſet up by young beginners;
The houſes too are rented all
by publicans and ſinners.
Walk in, ſir, here is the alderman's beer,
and a clear Newcaſtle fire.
I'll make you a pot of the beſt gin hot,
which a young man can deſire.

Some were ſmoaking, and ſome at cards,
and ſome were with chaps dealing;
Some were civil, and ſome black-guards,
all people have their failing.
I paid off my ſcore, and went out of door,
maintaining this opinion,
That no prince of ſtate, beſide Britain the Great,
hath ſuch a fair in his dominion.

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